# Adventures of an Iron Brigade Man

By CAPT. R. K. BEECHAM, 2d Wis.

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The ambulance conveyed me to and de- as I wrote my sweetheart in Wisconsinposited me at the Mansion House Hospi-The Surgeon in charge was Dr. Brinton, with the same Medical Director in supervision of the hospitals of the city who held that position in April when I made my first acquaintance with general hospitals. As I knew from experience what it meant to sit on one's feet at a table for convalescents, and as I was pretty sick myself, notwithstanding the opinion of the kind young doctor I met on the boat to the contrary, I stuck to my bed until I was ashamed to keep it any longer, for as long as a patient remained bedridden he could not ask for better treatment. In a week or 10 days Dr. Brinton had me up and around, and then the convalescent fun began again. MANSION HOUSE HOSPITAL.

Mansion House was the place where Col. Ellsworth was killed, in the Spring of 1861. It was now being used as a hospital, but as such was no improvement over Prince Street. Our table, dishes, soup, salt, potato and bite of meat, tea, coffee, water and bread were of the same order and served in the same delightful manner. In no case were we allowed soup and a bite of meat and potato at the same meal, and at no meal was the health-giving teaspoonful of salt withheld any more than at Prince Street Hospital; but at the Mansion House there was one noticeable improvement worthy of record: Wher our meals had been prepared with such wonderful culinary skill and the table arranged with such artistic care, it was certainly right and artistic care, it was certainly right and proper that the officials in authority at the hospital should see and commend, and for that reason the convalescents were never allowed to enter the dining-room until the table, with its bountiful array of luscious fruits, choice viands and sumptuous roasts, was thoroughly inspected by the Surgeon and his staff. Imagine several hundred half-starved soldiers waiting for from 15 minutes to three-quarters of an hour, as we often did, until the tea, coffee or soup was as cold as it could get in July or August for a lot of chumps to go through the farce a lot of chumps to go through the farce of inspecting the diet of worms. This is no josh. The worms could always be found in the pressed vegetable soup if found in the pressed vegetable soup if the inspectors cared to look closely for them. Those pressed vegetables were very nutritions and, for a convalescent, far superior to vegetables freshly gathered from a garden; for that reason they were used in the hospitals when fresh vegetables could be obtained readily, for in addition to the onions, beets, cabbage, carrots, turnips, parsnips, etc., etc., there were the sweet and delicious worms, that found in the fresh, and when they were all pressed nicely together and made into a rich soup, is it a wonder that it filled the patriotic soul of the convalescent soldier with renewed ardor, as it filled his stomach with the new inspiration filled his stomach with the new inspiration of health? When a little down at the heel there was really nothing to be compared to a cup of pressed vegetable soup to put him firmly on his feet, especially when he stood up to eat it; therefore no chairs, or other seats, were allowed in the dining-room. I did not stand at the convalescent table in the Mansion House Hospital basement many days; in fact, only a few days were required to make any man robust and ready for duty. Begides, on the 9th of August the battle of any man robust and ready for duty. Besides, on the 9th of August the battle of
Cedar Mountain was fought, and the
wounded were sent in from the front.
Then, also, many of the attendants, nurses nd wardmasters, on duty in the hospital, were sent to their regiments in the field and their places filled from the convales-

with wounded from this battlefield, and I was detailed as the attendant of that toom. I had under my care seven or eight patients, none of them severely ounded, but, while confined to their ones and beds, had excellent appetites. I had the care of the room and was ex-pected also to look after the needs and supply the wants of these wounded men. The first day after assuming my new duties, when the time came for dinner, I went into a side kitchen or pantry where the head waiter or boss of the ward, who brought the food for the patients from the main kitchen in the basement, dished out or divided up the rations for the inmates of the several rooms in the ward. The supply I received was insufficient to satisfy the hunger of the men under my was curtly refused me. I had some un-pleasant words with the boss, and, not being able to obtain the food supply that would satisfy the appetites of my patients, went below to interview the chief cook or any other person of higher authority where an appeal might lie, but was met with a flat refusal to discuss the matter at all. Nevertheless, I persisted in dis-cussing and cussing as the occasion re-quired until the Hospital Chaplain happened to come that way, to whom I referred the situation. The Chaplain kindly consolidated his forces with mine and together we captured the fort. When we arrived at a settlement I got food sufficient for a dinner for the men in my room, and thereafter I was never re-fused anything I asked for in that kitchen, and the men in my charge got all they wanted to eat of good, wholesome food, and, besides, I did not live so very poorly while at this hospital a certain Mas-

The room wherein I sojourned was filled

sachusetts lady, by the name of Mrs. Wag-goner, called in the interest of Massachu-etts soldiers particularly and in the intersetts soldiers particularly and in the interest of Union soldiers in general. She had with her the usual supply and assortment of tracts, pamphlets and other reading matter for the soldiers, which the Surgeons in charge always allowed to be freely distributed. Mrs. Waggoner also had, in addition, some canned goods, such as jellies and fruits, that had been contributed by the good people of the Old Bay State for the good of her soldiers and other Union soldiers in the hospitals, other Union soldiers in the hospitals, which she attempted to distribute; but our wise and vigilant Medical Director, Dr. Bummers, caught on to what was being done and forthwith interposed his au-thority to prevent the further continuation of such malpractice, by which the bealth and the lives of the soldiers under his charge were being placed in jeopardy. The old Doctor worked himself into a frightful passion and fumed and raged like a madman, ordering Mrs. Waggoner take her trash out of the hospital, ing that the patients therein were suped with an abundance of wholesome food, and that such stuff would serve n other purpose than to make them sick them away from the front,

where they were needed.

I think perhaps no other officials in the service of the United States possessed the spirit of self-sacrifice in such a remarkable degree as our hospital Surgeons. Dr. Summers was an average specimen of the fraternity, and there was no doubt of his perfect willingness to run the risk of the loss of health and life by decouring fellies and canned fruit by the devouring jellies and canned fruit by the holesale, if thereby he could only keep e stomachs of the soldiers free from

I did not enlist to do hospital duty, and when Pope finished his campaign in the saddle and brought his army back to the

defenses of Washington on Sept. 1, I asked to be discharged from the hospital and allowed to return to my regiment. CONVALENCENT CAMPS.

When I left Mansion House Hospital, about the 1st of September, if I had been discharged—that is, set at liberty and al-



ENJOYING THE FINE WEATHER OF JANUARY.

medical treatment, and would not leave that hospital until I was able for duty and

fee, and during one whole week we had butter for supper, not in lavish quantity, but enough to spread one slice of bread, and if used with economy it could be made to veneer two slices. It was along

living in the vicinity of Stewart's Man-

could endure thus to be pampered, butter was ordered served once a day until its effect on the health of the soldiers was as-

certained. After using butter for supper every day for a whole week without any serious injury to the health of the con-

valescents, the ladies were authorized to

I have every reason to believe that the

value of a soldier's daily ration at Stew-art's Mansion Hospital did not exceed 15

but presume the Government paid enough to insure at least army rations for the in-

mates of hospitals. The rations actually furnished fell far short of camp or field

rations, and some greedy contractor made a handsome profit off the stomachs of Uncle Sam's soldiers in every one of these hospital deals. While at Stewart's Man-

sion I accidentally got a peep into a kind of store-room in connection with the hos-

pital, where canned goods, contributed by

pital, where canned goods, contributed by the people f v the use and benefit of the soldiers, were stored. There was wagon loads of it—enough to furnish the table at every meal with some delicacy, but nothing of the kind ever found its way to

the convalescent table. As the Medical Director of Alexandria said, such trash

would make the soldiers sick, and out of regard for the health of the dear soldier, the medical fraternity and their hangers-

the hospital.

found my regiment within three or four | humanity as well as common sense, came hours, for at that time the whole army was west of the Potomac. I was not so dealt with, however. I was sent, with ed him to find an Army Surgeon if possidealt with, however. I was sent, with other soldiers from the various hospitals in Alexandria, under guard, to a place called "Convalescent Camp," situated perhaps a mile and a half from the city, and there we were all retained for three days and until the army had crossed the Potomac and was well on its way toward the Antietam battlefield.

This transaction on the part of the authors were and take this man.

the Antietam battlefield.

This transaction on the part of the authorities, and another like unto it, which followed, I always believed to be the meanest, most outrageous and uncalledfor crick ever played on a loyal soldier of the Republic. The convalescent tables in the hospitals were bad enough, but the value of the deily ration per tend to this man asked: "Now, Doctor, will you send an ambulance and take this man to the hospital?" But the Surgeon had some excuse—there was no ambulance at his command just then, but after a while beautiful to the hospitals were bad enough, but they want to the deliverance of the first part of the surgeon had some excuse—there was no ambulance and take this man to the hospital?" But the Surgeon had some excuse—there was no ambulance and take this man to the hospital?" But the Surgeon had some excuse—there was no ambulance at his command just then, but after a while hospitals were bad enough, but the surgeon had some excuse—there was no ambulance at his command just then, but after a while hospitals were bad enough, but the surgeon had some excuse—there was no ambulance and take this man to the hospital?" But the Surgeon had some excuse—there was no ambulance at his command just then, but after a while his command bles in the hospitals were bad enough, but though the value of the daily ration per tend to this matter promptly as it desoldier did not exceed 10 cents, he had a roof over him and a clean, comfortable cot whereon to sleep. In that Convalescent Camp, the rations were not only too miserably poor to mention, but we were the old man's name, and never saw him miserably poor to mention, but we were obliged to sleep in the dirt under an old tent, without bed or blanket, unless a man happened to have a blanket of his own, which very few of us possessed. Why, such a disgraceful institution was maintained or allowed to exist in sight of Washington I never could imagine; but there is west the could find the country of the co Washington I never could imagine; but there it was, the equal of which I never saw in the shape of a camp outside of a Southern prison-pen.

After the army had gotten well out of our reach we were all sent, under guard, States soldier I was entitled to care and

to Washington and quartered for the night at the Soldiers' Home. The next morn-ing we were turned loose, without blan-kets, tents or provisions, to subsist as best we could until we should find our commands in the wake of an army that was two days' march in advance of us. There over three months, during which time I were several hundred of us. I could not had several ups and downs. It seemed were several hundred of us, I could not tell how many, but certainly enough to form a fair-sized regiment. Shortly after we started, a double spring-wagon, containing a man and woman, passed us, and getting ahead of our column kept along just in advance until noon, when it halted and the woman passed out a sandwich to each soldier as he marched by. This was the only food of any kind that I received, except what I begged or stole, until I arrived in Baltimore—for I did not succeed in reaching my regiment—some two weeks later, about as near dead as a man could be, and certainly in the late of the succeed were concerned. We had seats upon which to sit at table. This hospital, so far as convalescents were concerned, was a great improvement over those where I had formerly sojourned. The bread was cut into respectable slices and placed upon the table in dishes, and every soldier was allowed to eat as much as he pleased. We had coffee for breakfast and dinner and tea for supper. The pressed-yegetable dead as a man could be, and certainly in tea for supper. The pressed-vegetable the worst situation I ever found myself soup and diet of worms had no place in during my whole life.

Stewart's Mansion Hospital. We usually

The first night out we camped—with had a potato and small piece of meat for or near the 36th Mass.—a new regiment dinner in addition to our bread and cofjust going to the front, and from some of the soldiers I begged a few hardtack. After that night we lived on green corn, green apples and potatoes, that we stole when we could get a chance, for we had no money to buy with. One night, three or four of us being together, we found a deserted shack with a potato patch attachted. ment, from which we gathered sufficient for our supper, and making a fire in the for our supper, and making a fire in the sion had requested the hospital authorifireplace of the shack of which we had ties to allow them to furnish the inmates taken peaceful possession, were engaged in roasting our potatoes, when we were order to learn whether or not the soldiers disturbed by an old man, who claimed ownership of the premises and ordered us away, calling us stragglers and other pet names. I tried to explain our situa-tion, but the old man would listen to no explanation, and I finally told him to go Halifax, and we would stay in the ack. The old man went, but soon returned with an officer of the provost guard, who ordered us out, and as he evi-dently had the wherewith to enforce his order, and would not listen to any expla-

nation of our situation, we obeyed the order and camped in the woods that night. After about a week I became sick. I dragged myself along about half a mile to a wayside hotel, where my comrades left me and pushed on in the hope of overtaking their regiments. When I recovered my taste for bread, I begged food of an old negro, who kindly supplied my needs, and as soon as I was able to walk to the station, about a mile away, I did so, intending to take the first train that came along, without regard to where it might be going. After waiting at the depot about three hours, a train drew up, which I boarded. I had not a cent with which to pay for a ride, but Providence assisted me. The car was full to over-flowing of paroled Union soldiers cap-tured by Jackson at Harper's Ferry, and in that crowd the conductor overlooked me. That train in due time landed me in

STEWART'S MANSION HOSPITAL.

I do not remember the date that I reached Baltimore. It must have been after some of the battles of the Antietam campaign had taken place, for while I was lingering around the depot—which lingering lasted several days—a train loaded with Confederate prisoners of war halted for half an hour on the track, during which time many things in the shape of eatables were passed to the Confederate prisoners which seemed not to throw me into the stomachs of the soldiers free from such contaminating trash. Many a devoted Surgeon lost his valuable life in that way. It was most remarkable how takeful our Hospital Surgeons were that the patients confided to their care should not destroy their health by overeating. I arither enjoyed my sojourn in Mansion I was peak of this from the fact that I after the patients confided to their care should not destroy their health by overeating. I arither enjoyed my sojourn in Mansion I was able to get out, and as soon as I was

roast turkey, chicken pie, cranberry sauce—in short, everything that goes to make up an American Christmas banquet. There was an abundance of everything oners of war were not so humanely disposed.

The reason I lingered around the depot in Baltimore was because for a time I could do no better. In my whole life I and nothing lacking, and for once the inmass never, before or since, placed in such a trying and discouraging situation. I was alone in a great city, without a cent a trying and discouraging situation. I was alone in a great city, without a cent in my pocket, and with nothing to show where I belonged or where I came from except a descriptive list which I had taken from my regimental hospital when I was sent to Alexandria, upon which the Surgeon had indorsed the date of my discharge from that hospital. I was sick, and needed medical care, but how was I to obtain it without a friend or a living soul in the city to whom I might apply for assistance? For two or three days I lay around the depot, sleeping at night wherever I could find an emoty bench or That dinner if served in an Alexandria to obtain it without a friend or a living soul in the city to whom I might apply for assistance? For two or three days I lay around the depot, sleeping at night wherever I could find an empty bench or

That dinner if served in an Alexandria hospital would without doubt have made a fat graveyard, but in Baltimore its efnoccupied space.

The Sanitary Commission had a room The Sanitary Commission had a room in connection with the depot where any soldier could obtain food when hungry, and there was no danger of starvation, but I needed and felt that I was entitled to all the comforts and conveniences that a United States general hospital could afford. Finally a white-haired old man fects were not bad, I know I stood the pressure all right, and did not learn of a single death resulting therefrom. The next day I informed the Surgeon in charge that any man who could cat the dinner I ate on Christmas without a redinner I ate on Christmas without a relapse must be out of immediate danger, and, therefore, I was ready to go to the front. The Surgeon seemed to agree with me, and the following day I returned to the Army of the Potomac by way of Washington and the Potomac River, finding my regiment in Winter quarters about a mile and a half from Belle Plain Landing ford. Finally a white-haired old man, who seemed to have some influence, if not

BUENSIDE'S MUD MARCH. After the disastrous buttle of Freder-icksburg the Army of the Potomac went icksburg the Army of the Potomac went into Winter quarters, its left resting on the Potomac River and its right on the Potomac River and its right on the Rappahannock in the vicinity of Falmouth. South of the Rappahannock Lee occupied his old and secure position along the Fredericksburg Hights. My regiment was a part of Franklin's Grand Division, was a part of Franklin's Grand Division, though the attack mainly fell on troops Rappahannock in the vicinity of Falmouth. South of the Rappahannock Lee force attacked at once, as we formed near the peach orchard on Allen's farm. The fighting was sharp for a brief time, the Fredericksburg Hights. My regiment was a part of Franklin's Grand Division, in Burnside then had the army subdisplayed as Burnside then had the army subdisplayed by the attack mainly fell on troops is to the right of our regiment, and but it is to the right of our regiment it is to the right of our regiment, and but it is to the right of our regiment. as the Right, Left and Center, command-ed respectively by Gens. Sumner, Frank-lin and Hooker. Our regimental quar-ters stood among the wooded hills and far from the shore of the broad Potomac,

a frosty night. The roads were dry and hard, and soon became nearly as dusty its wasted energies after the wearisome and discouraging campaigns of 1862; but very soon it became evident to the vision of every soldier that preparations were going on for another forward movement, and that nothing short of Divine inter-position, to compass a change in the weather or in the knowledge and military sagacity of the Commanding General, would save us from taking upon our shoul-ders the heavy burdens of a Winter cam-

under the eye of a vigilant and war-wise General, always ready and determined to dispute his passage, a Winter campaign could not be a success. Even if he won a battle, he could not hope to gather the full fruition of victory, but could do no more than Winter his army south of the Rappahannock, with a river at his back instead of in front of him, thus increasing the danger of his position and depriving his army of much needed rest.

Many, therefore, were the silent prayers, as soldiers pray, offered un to the God of

as soldiers pray, offered up to the God of Battles and disposer of the destinies of Nations, that the Winter storms, which never fail in Virginia, might come speedily; or, if not, that Burnside might be made content to utilize the Winter months —which were really a God-send to him and his greatly-demoralized army—and the strong and secure defensive position which he occupied, in thoroughly resting, reorganizing and reinforcing his army. But prayers were of no avail, so far as they related to Gen. Burnside's ideas; due season, whether in answer to our corps of Gen. Franklin in prayers or of His own good pleasure it point against the assault

daylight on the following morning we roke camp and the long-to-be-remem-

bered Winter campaign began.

The position of rear-guard of the Left
Grand Division of the Army had been assigned to our brigade, and after moving properly discharged from it as a soldier was entitled to be, he concluded to find room and allowed me to stay. I remained in that hospital something out from our camp on the main highway bout half a mile, we formed a line near the road, stacked arms and waited for the Grand Division to pass. Jan. 20, 1863, dawned beautifully upon us, without so much as a cloud in all the heavens; but as we waited by the wayside for the troops to pass we noticed a gathering haze in the east, which gradually thickened and the least beautiful the same and the same transfer of the same ere long obscured the sun. Then a gentle mist began to fall, which rapidly increased in volume and dampness, and by 10 o'clock a. m. a regular old-fashioned Virginia rain had get in in dead cornect As the day advanced the downpour be-came heavier. Still we waited and still ing up the highway, the long trains of baggage wagons mixing the roads into endless mortar-beds, through which the nfantry waded and wallowed; and still

the rain poured down. The afternoon was far spent ere the last of the Grand Division had passed; then we of the rear-guard fell in and followed in their wake. Night closed in early, and by 5 o'clock p. m. it was dark as Egypt in the days of the plague. Then the flood-gates of heaven seemed to open floundered forward in the darkness and mud, drenched to the skin, chilled to the very marrow in our bones by that icy Winter rain. It was a night to be re-membered, a march that could not be for-

halted and went into camp, where we could find neither stick, hummock nor solid ground, but literally a wide sea of our muskets for tent-poles and our bavoproceed in their preparations for an old-nets for tent stakes, and spreading our time Christmas dinner for the inmates of cool blankets on the soft coze found a peaceful repose.

When morning dawned we moved our

position to a place where we could obtain wood for our campfires, and proceeded to cents, but it was such an improvement on what I had previously experienced that, comparatively, it seemed little short of a paradise. I have no means of knowing what it cost the Government per soldier, standstill. The army was "stuck in the forward movement had been brought to a standstill. The army was t'stuck in the mud" and unable to proceed farther upon this Winter campaign, the glory of which was revealed in dreams only to no living man except Gen. Burnside, whose mighty military mind conceived it and wherein

faded and perished.

Thus was Gen. Burnside frustrated in his last effort to hurl his defeated and demoralized army into the jaws of destruction. There is no shadow of doubt that this storm saved the Army of the Potomac from a worse defeat than it ever experienced.

After a few days, when the sky had cleared and the roads had settled some what, we moved slowly back to our former Winter quarters near the Potomac soon thereafter Burnside resigned, Joseph Hooker became our Commanding General instead, for which change we had great reason to be thank Burnside did not retire from the ast campaign as Commander of the Army of the Potomac, the following year he commanded the Ninth Corps, and took an active part in Grant's campaign against Richmond. Burnside lacked the genius of a great General, which mark the distinction he shared fully with many of his brother Generals, but in all probability

did the best he could. (To be continued.)

CHARLES CITY CROSSROADS. incidents of the Campaign Recalled by "A

Friend With the Countersign. EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Comrade John W. Burnett, Co. F, 4th Pa. Res., expresses my sentiment in his article in The National Tribune in regard to the story of the spy in the civil war, "Who Goes There?" and "A Friend With the Countersign," from the first movement of the troops under Gen. McDowell to the

first battle of Bull Run. What "Si Klegg and Shorty" recalls to the boys of the Western Army under Gen. Sherman, Berwick's doings and adventures recall to the Army of the Potomac. Allow me to enlarge on Comrade Burnett's

little of the enemy's fire, save from ar-tillery, reached us. After several re-pulses the enemy fell back and our army

proceeded on its way.

Moving on, we reached Savage Station about 1 o'clock p. m., and were massed with a considerable body of the Second all supplies came to the army.

From Jan. 1 to Jan. 20, 1863, the weather was about the finest we ever experienced in Virginia during the Winter Corbs near the road leading across White Oak Swamp. The remainder of the army had passed on, and a large amount of material at the railroad bridge was being months. No rain fell. There was hardly destroyed. When the brigade, with engines and trains upon it, was blown up, an immense body of dense smoke arose, assuming perfectly symmetrical and continually have enjoyed such superb weather all Winter, while it rested and recuperated grand to the view, in whatever form it took, like the changes in a kaleidoscope, and observed by all for several minutes before it was dissipated. About 4 o'clock the rebels ran down

the railroad a heavy gun mounted upon a flat-car and protected by railroad iron, and

opened on our troops. This was followed closely by infantry and other artillery. The 1st Minn. and Gen. Burns's Brigade of our division were ordered to the point of attack, and soon drove off the enemy. Gen. Burnside had been terribly defeated and humiliated at the battle of Fredericksburg in December, and in his great anxiety to retrieve his waning fame he seemed incapable of realizing the fact, so plain to every private soldier in his army, that, situated as he was, with a river in his front and the opposite side guarded by a skillfully posted, victorious army, under the eye of a vigilant and war-wise General, always ready and determined to attack here was most persistent and severe, and as we got the enemy's fire diagonally from its extended right, as well as from the front, our loss was considerable. We held the position, however, without yielding an inch, and about sunset the Vermont Brigade, which had been recalled from its route to White Oak Swamp, came in on our left, and joining in a last counter attack the enemy was driven back. The 1st Minn. lost 48 killed and wounded in this battle. Gathering from beginning to the end of the great our wounded into the field hospital, as there were no facilities for removing them they were left, with a sufficient number of attendants, after their wounds had been dressed, to the care of the enemy, and we pushed on after night, still in rear of the army, across White Oak Swamp, bivouacking near morning for a brief time soon after crossing the bridge.

Early in the morning of June 30 the regiment, under command of Lieut.-Col. Miller (Sully, by reason of Gorman's illness, being in command of the briggets).

sssistance and co-operation from all surviving comrades, or any of their families, including their diaries and other authentic information relative to the history of the regiment.

PONTOON BOATS. nevertheless, God controlled the elements and interposed the hand of His power in countermarched to the bridge to aid the noticed an article by Cyrus A. B. Fox, corps of Gen. Franklin in holding that musician, 86th Ill., contradicting the stateorayers or of His own which we had Our marching orders, which we had Our marching orders, which we had to o'clock. The natural obstacles of swamp and stream gave Jackson little swamp and stream gave Jackson little chance to use infantry, but the artillery, with occasional infantry fighting, lasted the entire day. The heat was stifling. Heavy infantry firing ahead of us apprised us of the sanguinary battle at Glen-dale, where the corps of Longstreet and A. P. Hill, having passed around swamp, were endeavoring to force the

> after noon we were sent to another cross ing of the stream, which Jackson endeav ored to ford. Late in the afternoon we were hurried ly sent to Glendale, moving for most of the distance at double-quick. We were at first placed in support of troops, then hotly engaged, throwing ourselves on the ground to recover breath, and avoid needless exposure to the storm of bullets pass ing over us. It was the heaviest arrack made by the rebels, and Gen. Sumner pertion the arrival of Gen. Steedman. The made by the rebels, and Gen. Sumner pertion the arrival of Gen. Steedman. The solution in the process of the perturbation of Gen. Steedman introduced them to a gentlement, which was hard Gen. Steedman introduced them to a gentlement. made by the rebels, and Gen. Summer personally ordered us into the front line to relieve a regiment, which was hard pressed, saying: "Boys, I shall not see many of you again, but I know you will hold that line," The men rose with a cheer, and Gen. Dana, whose brigade was engaged near by, said, "I will place my old regiment," and led us to our position in the line. But the severest of the battle had then passed, and although firing was kept up between our line at the edge of the woods and the rebel line within the wood, no further serious attack was made, and darkness soon closed the conflict. Several of our men were wounded. Capt, William Colvil, just after dark, was shot in the left breast. He gave no sign of being hurt, and turned over his command to his Lieutenant, as if for a few minutes, absence. No one knew that he was a contended a prisoner, but instead Gen. Steedman introduced them to a gentleman, whom he said had been a guide Gen. Steedman introduced them to a gentleman, whom he said had been a guide Gen. Steedman introduced them to a gentleman, whom he said had been a guide Gen. Steedman introduced them to a gentleman, whom he said had been a guide Gen. Steedman introduced them to a gentleman, whom he said had been a guide Gen. Steedman introduced them to a gentleman, whom he said had been a guide Gen. Steedman introduced them to a gentleman, whom he said had been a guide Gen. Steedman introduced them to a gentleman, whom he said had been a guide Gen. Steedman introduced them to a gentleman, whom he said had been a guide Gen. Steedman introduced them to a gentleman, whom he said had been a guide Gen. Steedman introduced them to a gentleman, whom he said had been a guide Gen. Steedman introduced them to a gentleman, who a gentleman, whom he said had been a guide Gen. Steedman introduced them to a gentleman, who he said had been a guide Gen. Steedman introduced them to a gentleman, who a steend and the rebel line within the weath of Gen. Steedman introduced them to a gentleman and development is discoun in the line. But the severest of the battle had then passed, and although firing was kept up between our line at the edge of the woods and the rebel line within the wood, no further serious attack was made and darkness every to his Lieutenant, as if for a few min utes' absence. No one knew that he was hurt until the next morning, when he was heard from as having walked to the field hospital at Malvern Hill.

flank of our line of march, and cut off that

part of the army still in the rear, holding

Jackson at bay, as well as the immense wagon trains, which, crossing White Oak

Swamp the night before, now filled the

roads behind our forces at Glendale. Soon

We held the line until next morning when all trains, as well as Franklin' Corps, having passed our position, we fol-lowed unmolested, and after daylight or July 1 reached Malvern Hill, Aug. 4, after retreat, our division, Second Division Second Corps, and Hooker's Division, un der command of Gen. Hooker, with one day's ration, marched out to the rear or

day's ration, marched out to the rear or north, where the army was encamped at Harrison's Landing.

About 12 or 1 o'clock the column halted, and we lay down by the wayside to await daybreak. At earliest dawn we took up the march again, and about sun-rise struck the road leading from Whiterise struck the road leading from White Oak Swamp to Malvern Hill, but did not touch the battlefield at Glendale. The reb els, after slight resistance, were driver back from Malvern Hill. The stragglers that had crawled back from the road as we stopped at night and went to sleep

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### PENSIONS! PENSIONS!

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# JOSEPH H. HUNTER, Allow me to enlarge on Comrade Burnett s account of the battle of Charles City Crossroads, or Glendale, as the history of the 1st Minn. (by Judge W. Lochren) calls it, and the reconnoitering under Gen. Hooker, Aug. 5, 1862. Hooker, Aug. 5, 1862. Pension and Patent Attorney, WASHINGTON, D. C.

ordered to pack up everything but shelter tents, and at nightfall these were struck and we lay on the ground without covering. The trains had been going to the South all day, and at dark the sick and disabled were also sent away, and at early daylight the morning of June 29, leaving our picket line, we marched in the rear of the army.

The roads were blocked with masses of moving troops, impeded farther along by trains and artillery, and in the dense mist of morning very slow progress was made. We had advanced about three miles when, at 9 o'clock a. m., our picket was forced back, followed by the enemy under the active and alert Magruder. This

was placed in a piece of timber, from which Gen, Magruder's forces had charged several times to get possession of Pickett's batteries, which he had commanded before the war. Magruder tried to capture the battery at Fair Oaks May 31, but the 82d and 84th N. Y., of our being the latter of the second several tried to the second several tried tried tried to the second several tried tri

on to Richmond again. The 1st Minn. was placed in a piece of timber, from which Gen. Magruder's forces had charged several times to get possession of Pickett's batteries, which he had commanded before the war. Magruder tried to capture the battery at Fair Oaks May 31, but the 82d and 84th N. Y., of our brigade, in battle for the first time, fought like veterans, and by a resolute and successful bayonet charge saved Pickett's Battery when it was in great danger from a sudden advance of the enemy.

There in the pine grove the 1st Minn. lay by companies, the 8th Ill. Cav. camping outside. To while away the time we gathered the shot and shells that were hurled at the rebels at the great battle at Malvern Hill, July 1, 1862, and built small pyramids of them. I never have seen another battlefield strewn with iron as was this spot. Here we lay two days, then marched to Harrison's Landing.—

J. G. Sonderman, Co. A, 1st Minn., Pembina, N. D.

Henry P. Urner, of 1112 North Washington St., Baltimore, Md., had been informed that a notice appeared in the columns of The National Tribune, stating that some comrade had his discharge. He notice, and would like the comrade to write him at the address given above.

James A. Killion, of Steamboat Springs, Colo., whose father served in the 114th Ill., is anxious that a history of that regiment be written, and offers to give \$25 toward printing such a work.

Wm. S. Hampton, of Cleveland, O., writes that he served in the 2d S. C., C. S. A. His people lived near Romney, W. Va. While home on a furlough. Mr. Hampton decided to visit the Yankee encampment at Cumberland, Md. He passed himself as a loyal young man from up the country, and stayed three days with Co. K, 84th Ohio. He remembers the names of I. B. Hill, Lewis Heming, and Lieut. Miller. The third night he slipped and the country of the as was this spot. Here we lay two days, then marched to Harrison's Landing.— J. G. Sonderman, Co. A, 1st Minn., Pem-bina, N. D.

### PICKET SHOTS

From Alert Comrades Along the Whole Line.

тие 46ти ра. Henry Clay Frantz, of Dauphin, Pa. says that one of the greatest ambitions of his life is to write a concise and complete history of the 46th Pa., of which he was a faithful member for nearly four long years. He wants not only to write a history of the gallant old regiment, but B. Stroup.
wants to go over the line of march and Jos. Lawton, 1011 E. 156th St., New wants to go over the line of march and route and photograph the country as far as possible and give scenes and illustrations of all the many hard-fought battles in which the command took an active part to have all the surviving comrades' pic-tures placed in the history, also such por-traits of deceased members as he may re-ceive from friends. Comrade Frantz asks assistance and co-operation from all sur-

"In The National Tribune of Aug. 14 I ment made by Chaplain M. N. Baker, 116th Ill., regarding the use of pontoon bridges on the night of Nov. 23, 1863. do not know what was done by other brigades, but I do know that our brigade— First Brigade, Second Division, Fifteenth Corps-went with the first boats out of North Chickamauga Creek, and that men of our brigade manned the boats, and furtoon hoats Four members of Co E 6th Mo., and myself manned one of the boats. The squad that I was with made four trips across the river; the last time on one f the new boats mentioned by Comrade Fox. as we had been ordered to give up our boat to be used in the bridge that was being constructed. Chaplain Baker's de-scription is correct as far as I know."

A CONFEDERATE SPY.

Comrade C. F. Roberts, Co. E. 30th Ind., Hicksville, O., writes that after the fall of Resaca, Ga., he remained there, not being able to keep up with his com-pany. The city was then garrisoned by the 111th Ill., commanded by Col. Moore. One day Comrade Roberts was ordered

ing 'Si Klegg and Shorty' very much, but would like to hear from the 'Old Deacon Klegg' and see how he got home. It looks like 'Shorty' would be anxious to see Ma-ria and 'Si' would want to see his wife."

Henry P. Urner, of 1112 North Wash-

Co. K, Stin Onio. He remembers the names of I. B. Hill, Lewis Heming, and Lieut. Miller. The third night he slipped out of camp, crossed the Potomac and rejoined his friends.

Comrade Robert Collins, Co. I, 91st Ohio, Winchester, O., writes that that organization had 15 sets of brothers, as follows: Wm. L. Albert, Horace Albert, B. F. Albert; Joshua Adams, Thom. E. Adams; Geo. W. Armstrong, C. W. Armstrong; S. W. Alexander, G. N. Alexander; Thom. A. Clemmer, Jacob E. Clemmer: John Dickey, William Dickey; J. W. Fenton, Alfred Fenton; W. S. Hall, James Hall; J. N. Lease, Sam. Lease; Robt. Palmer, W. Palmer; J. T. Shriver, Aaron Shriver; J. A. Steen, James F. Steen; Wm. Taylor, J. W. Taylor; H. H. Tumbleson, Sam. Tumbleson; L. K. Stroup, G. B. Stroup.

Jos. Lawton, 1011 E. 156th St., New York City, is anxious to learn at what hour of the night of May 23, 1861, the New Jersey militia crossed Long Bridge, Comrade Lawton was a member of Co. A, 3d N. J., and carried a flag presented to the company by the ladies of Trenton. This flag, he claims, was the first carried on to Virginia soil. Near the bridge were Gen. Scott and President Lincoln. Capt. Jos. Vard. Co. A. 2d N. J. had served. Jos. Yard, Co. A, 3d N. J., had served with Gen. Scott in the Mexican war. Gen. Scott told him that when the bridge was crossed to let the men march at will. After crossing the bridge the company was thrown out as skirmishers. Comrade Lawton will carry the old flag in the ranks of Aaron Wilkes Post. 23. of Trenton, N. J., during the National

N. Rennels, of Dan, Tex., requests that some comrade give, through The National Tribune, an account of the fight and surrender at Munfordsville, Ky., in the Fall of '62.

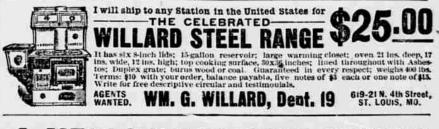
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